

Especially Re-printed
Limited Edition

The Villager

J. Whistlebottom Whortleberry

Lincoln Steffens

Herbert Heron

Edward Kuster

Stanley Wood

David Alberto

Frederic Burt

John Catlin

Ella Winter

S. A. R.

August 1933

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The Villager ... Vol. 1 No. 2

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Herbert Heron · Lincoln Steffens · John Catlin
Dr. D. T. MacDougal and Stanley Wood

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Is This It? By Lincoln Steffens

Some day there will be a magazine on the Monterey Peninsula. Sure . . . some day. All these attempts to make one . . . The Carmelite, The Villager, etc. . . . all these births, re-births and resurrections prove the demand. The creative urge is here. And the stuff is here. The readers and advertisers are not so far away. Some day they will all get together and then the world will have an immortal weekly, monthly, or fortnightly; or, better still, an organ of immortality.

For, verily, this peninsula is a heaven on earth to which the wise succeders in life, wise enough to die before their time, go and live on happy ever after. If they only knew this, if the editors of this periodical only realized it, we would have all our doings, sayings and thinkings reported aright: as the news from heaven. That would be a consolation to the living, such a comfort that the circulation would soon be the largest in the world.

But the beautiful people of Carmel, the good people of Pacific Grove do not know their state of bliss. The dead don't know they are dead. So far we have found but one editor who did know the truth. So . . . so far there has been no proper magazine on the Monterey Peninsula. Now . . .

The Most Rejected Story of the Month . . .

Rejected by "The Ladies' Home Journal," "The Woman's Home Companion," "Good Housekeeping," "Babies, Just Babies," and "Vogue."



Ex-Eunuch

The Amir of Antiphligistine paced the palace floor. His manner was that of a schoolboy engaged in plagiarizing sonnets for his first love's eyebrow. But it was evident that the Amir had failed to find the right word. Pulling a silken cord, the Lord of the Palace summoned a coal black slave.

"Go at once to the Women's Quarters," he ordered, "and tell Eustace the Eunuch that I wish to see him at once." The slave salaamed and hurried off. From the Quarters of the Women, one of the finest Harems in Asia, according to the Antiphligistine Chamber of Commerce bulletin, came the tinkling sounds of a poorly tuned radio.

The laughter of the ladies was punctuated by the dancing feet of

the pretty little concubines. It was evident that all was well within the walls, for when women whisper, then let Khedives use the keyhole. The slave, however, knocked discreetly and imparted his message. Eustace hastened to the Amir's apartment.

"Eustace," said the Master, "I am in a dilemma, and you must help me out."

"Some weighty problem of state, Sire?"

"Listen, Eustace, you and I are getting too old for diplomatic rigmarole on your part. Man and boy we've run this palace together for well over forty years, and you know damn well that no question of state would upset my . . . er . . . my equilibrium . . . for the past three days, would it?"

"It seems hardly likely, Oh Son of the Camel, and may I be so bold as to enquire the cause of your regal quandary?"

"You certainly have a vocabulary, Eustace, haven't you? It is too bad your only interest in life has been in literature. I weep sometimes when I think of what you have missed. But then, it's not your fault, is it? I don't know how I would have gotten along without you, for a man of your disposition

you are certainly the best picker I ever saw."

"If it please the most Potent of all Omnipotences, I might say that you are well qualified in that direction yourself."

"Yes? Do you really think so? That is what has been worrying me ever since we left Paris. It's about Fifi. I'm getting pretty old, Eustace, my hair is going fast and I'll be seventy-five next week. So I don't know whether I should or I shouldn't . . ." The Amir clasped his hands behind him and sighed a great sigh like the whinny of a complete horse.

"Star of the Moon, among Other Things, seventy-five is but a Drop in the Bucket of Time. What is it you should or you shouldn't?"

"A drop in the bucket is it? Well, you were bald pretty early yourself! You're no young rooster now, either, but then I suppose time holds no terrors for a capon." Eustace bore these slurs upon his impedimenta with impunity. He was used to them.

"Look here, Eustace," continued the Amir, "you will have to go for me. I can't get away. You return to that address in Paris—you have it in your notebook—and see if you can't persuade Fifi to come here. Make it strong, do anything you think necessary to persuade her. Go the limit, Eustace, for old time's sake."

"To hear is to obey, Sire, as Achmed Abdullah would say. Every-

thing is in excellent shape in the Harem. The pay vouchers are made out and the progeny have their requisition blanks. I feel you are right about Fifi and you know I will do my utmost."



"The gratitude of an Emperor is already yours, Eustace, no Amir could ask for a better Eunuch!"

The powers of persuasion when placed in the capable hands of Eustace speedily brought forth results. The luscious Fifi returned with him on the next boat. She was a piquant little demi-mondaine with the proverbial curiosity of her sex. A younger man than old Eustace might possibly have been embarrassed in her company. But Eustace appeared to enjoy himself. Even when she teased him about the wart on his nose, he only laughed good-humoredly and ordered another magnum of champagne and another corsage sent to the stateroom. There are not many men like Eustace.

The Amir was overjoyed at Fifi's arrival. Every ceremony and courtesy was shown her. In his enthu-

siasm the Amir had the High Priest proclaim her his lawful wife and the palace court settled down to await events. And although the Amir hardly believed the portent that the Priest foretold, he was more than eager to have proof. So when in due and proper time the news ran through the palace that a male heir had been born to the Mem-Sahib Fifi, the Amir was overjoyed. The doubt that had been in his bosom was cast aside as he beheld the baby.

It was not for several moments after he first saw the miniature wart on the miniature nose of the infant that he thought of sending his Chief Executioner after Eustace. That grim official found this note pinned on the pillow of the Eunuch's bed:

"Dear Ammy:

I am taking the only way out. After deceiving you for upwards of forty years or more, I feel that I cannot bear to face you now that you know all. Good bye, Bon Ammy . . . They were a great forty years. I am going to Paris.

. . . Signed

Eustace the Unique"

—P. O'C.

No nudes

is good nudes—

Gus Englund

Police Chief—Ex.



IN THIS ISSUE

Herbert Heron, ex-mayor, poet, actor, book-seller, bon-vivant, and pal of Shakespeare: **Lincoln Steffens**, grand young man of journalism, Anatole France of Carmel, satirist, wit: **Ross Cowen**, photographer, dilettante, scourge of Cerwin, actor, editor, half-wit: **Peter O'Crotty**, writer, near-actor, recluse from Rob Wagner's Script, step-papa of the "Villager," quarter-wit: **David Alberto**, pianist, composer, patron of the arts, tennis champ, wrestling laurels from Jimmie Hopper: **John Catlin**, Mayor of Carmel, lawyer, blacksmith, one of the first Villagers: **A. L. Van Houtte**, psychiatrist, actor, psycho-analyst: **S. A. R.**, Stephen A. Reynolds, pulp paper productionist, newspaperdom's Voltaire, public relations counsel for local poet: **W. L. Overstreet**, Postmaster, original Villager, writer, and the man who gets first crack at the postcards: **Ella Winter**, author, communist and lecturer: **J. Whistlebritches Whortlebottom**, ah, what a man, and not Rannie Cockburn, either! **And Many Others:** and, as for our next issue, no matter how much you dislike this one, you won't be able to wait for our next! Woodcuts by **Stanley Wood**.

The Village's Dirty Past

●

What has become of:
Kit Cooke's huge and elderly white
horse which she rode bare-back?

The Boke kids who ate their meals
at whosoever's house they happened
to be at mealtime?

The little red wagon in which Con-
nie Heron's mother trundled her
through the pines?

The Cameron tribe who were des-
tined to come to "no good end"?

All the budding actors to whom Mrs.
Sydney Yard gave elocution lessons?

And the future Pavlowas that Miss
Van Buren struggled with?

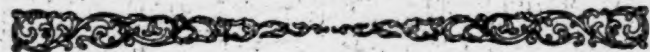
Lovely Alicia, who trailed her rose
chiffon draperies and broke hearts by
the score?

George Phelps, one-time shouting par-
son, who came to the peninsula to
promote an interurban railroad?

All the pinkey grey marines that
Charles Dickman painted?

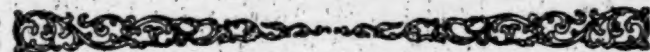
Jimmie Hopper's waist-line?

The bedraggled, plaid, flannel creation
—bathrobe by nature, but overcoat by
necessity (or temperament)—that so
adorned the back of the now famous
Francis McComas?



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The Lass and the Sea Lion

By S.A.R.—with apologies to
Mr. Robinson Jeffers

●

Neath Santa Lucian hills in silvery
dusk on edge of kelp-fringed sea,
kept tryst the bull-lion, weighted
with years, barnacle-studded, a
golden bracelet on left flipper. The
horns of a new moon pricked the
indigo of eastward sky. Little mag-
gots hopped post-morteming a
stranded rock-cod.

Starry-eyed came Tamar as the
dusk swarmed o'er Lobos. "Lion-

IN THE



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heart-o'-mine, the hour has struck," she cried and flung herself on granite shelf.

"What wouldst thou, Priestess of Passion?" rumbled her deep-sea mate. "Hast not had everything? Have I not wrenched the young abalone from its mother bed and laid it at thy feet? Have not wondrous shells and pearls of great price been thine?"

"Almost the gamut I have run," breathed Tamar. "My father in the forest pressed I to my wanton bosom; my brother had I in bloody pool neath Mal Paso Bridge. A garlicked married man from New Monterey corrupted I; and once a stallion roan in Carmel Woods.

And one golden day above fleecy clouds had I an aviator a mile o'er Midway Point. In air, on turf beneath the black-oaks, in kennel and corral, have I eased my pent-ed essence—yet never yet beneath the sea."

Pelagos mused. He too tired of platonic matinee on granite shelf or scorching dune. Wrinkled flipper he flung protectingly o'er the girl-woman of Sur. "Dost crave to fly with me beneath the wave?" he asked. "Wouldst that my pelagic bristles stir thee as nothing else hath? That barnacles of mine would pumice thee in love."

"I wouldst," she breathed, and wound white fingers in salt-en-



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crusted mane. "Head west to Far Japan, where yellow men knead poppy-gum, and star-dust falls on paddy-field. In Inland Sea we'll honeymoon while blue smoke of utter peace and forgetfulness arises."

Asked Pelagos, "Wilt be true, Tamar mine?"

And locked tight in flipper the superwoman said aloud, "It is my will."

A thousand leagues beyond white-capped Fujiyama, in the jungles of Old Siam, the young bull elephant trumpets while awaiting Tamar.

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If he says that his love never dies—
You can tell that he lies
By the size of his eyes
When you bare your white thighs,
Without sighs of surprise—
Just a baby that's nize,
And wise!

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Recitative

Pease porridge hot,
 Pease porridge cold,
 Some like 'em quiet,
 Some like 'em bold,
 But gimme a dame
 Wit' coives like a flame—
 What makes the lame
 And the blind just the same,
 A gal wit'out conscience,
 And neither remorse,
 Who acts like a jennet
 What sees her foist horse—
 Gimme a wench,
 No society jane,
 Nor no voigin whats wrapped
 In cellophane—
 Nor no ancient skoit,
 What likes to park
 And makes that crack
 That all cats in the dark
 Look alike, hell's bells—
 Remember the time
 When a broad didn't never
 Have change for no dime?

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The Usher

The gaunt horizon soars and dips
 Athwart his weary vision's mark;
 And then the moon, in cold eclipse,
 Consigns him to the bitter dark.

Around him now the whirl of
 night;
 But that within would strike it
 pale—

Remembrance of the lonely height
 And sodden flatness of the vale.

Behind him lie the streets of toil,
 The livid, blighting flare of
 shame,

Old dreams from which his thoughts
 recoil

And love that knew his heart a
 flame.

Through halls of light his feet have
 passed,

Through alleys of corroding
 gloom:

No door is open save the last—
 The narrow door that guards the
 tomb.

Soul-stricken, on the earth he lies,
 While far above, like death's de-
 coy,

Across the plunging, sable skies
 The raven sails in somber joy.

From caverns of unfathomed air,
 Behind the space his eyes have
 watched,

A pallid thing emerges—bare
 Of warming flesh, its body
 blotched,

As if some loathsome, vanished
 plague

Had left its purple marking there,
 On grisly arm and shapeless leg,
 And fancied in the sockets' stare.

With fearful pomp, with soundless
 tread,

Triumphant over day's recall,
 It leads him, fighting, toward the
 dead,

And shrouds his soul in terror's
 pall.

To life's discordant, mad parade
 He clamors with his strangled
 breath,

And enters—screaming and
 afraid—

The quiet, restful halls of death.

HERBERT HERON



OCEAN AVENUE
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CHARLES ROBERTS ALDRICH AN OBITUARY

By John Catlin

Aldrich has gone!

A brilliant chap whose story, if there were anyone who could piece it together from the scraps he let fall now and again, would be of passing interest . . . A lawyer who grew weary of his trade, a traveler who believed that a beautiful mile was quite as satisfactory as a continent, a true artist, a scientist, a writer, and, better than all, a good fellow whose smile opened every door for him . . . and won him his way through a tremendously funny and highly desirable world.

Lincoln Steffens' story of the pre-adamites, whose paintings adorn the walls of their long hidden caves, has, like most of his other stories, the ring of being half true . . . Artists from all about us, working from within, might strive with what little hope they have . . .



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Wanda Leslie

Court of the
Golden Bough

One cannot help but wonder if these primitives may not have been the sophisticates of the period . . . painting their stupendous murals in the caves of the classes in control of the resources of the day, according to the fashions that then existed . . . Did he paint for himself, or for the bones his betters threw him, with the marrow more than half sucked out . . . Was human nature any different a score or two milleniums ago, and if it was . . . when did it change, and if it did, will it ever change again?

Aldrich thought that the crowd psychology, conveniently termed human nature, was static and unchangeable—except through immense periods of time—such time as is required by evolution . . .

What is so rare as an issue of
"THE VILLAGER"

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. . . **Our Brioche**
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. . . **but!**

The Angel Flies

By Ross Cowen

Following in the footsteps of my distinguished co-habitant of Carmel, Cerb Herwin, who writes in the local *Pine Nert* a column called THE DEVIL WALKS, I'm gonna start a colum. But who ever heard of calling a colum THE DEVIL WALKS? Personally I think that sounds like hell.

Now the kinda stuff that me and O'Crotty writes is gonna be dif-ferunt. We've already drawn up a set of rules, which, tabulated in the following inorganic and highly consummate manner (I'm

not sure I like those words . . . but O'Crotty probably does. He would.) and as aforesaid, here they are: 1—when and if invited to anybuddys house I will not do the following things. (A) Ask the hostess who the hell she is. (B) Put feet in either hostess's lap or goldfish bowl. (C) Stick around when and if said hostess hides heretofore previously un-mentioned liquor.

2—not to go to those kind of hos-tess's houses in the first place.

3—not to carry this thing any further.

This is funnier if you read it from the bottom up.

Bettie Greene Stables

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I'll Bite

By Ella Winter

For the duration of the crop. That's what they arrest men for in California at present. They don't call it that of course. The crimes on the police blotter are listed as "vagrancy," "disturbing the peace," "resisting an officer," "use of obscene language." But the real crime was striking (when you were being paid ten, fifteen, and twenty cents an hour), for thirty cents an hour.

Have you ever worked in a blistering sun for ten hours a day? Try it. Then you get your two

dollars, IF you have picked fifteen buckets of cherries. If you picked fourteen you get fired. Bob got fired.

So then he picketed during the strike. And the police arrested him, they called him the filthiest names they knew, they kicked and beat him and hauled him off to jail. Do you know the San Jose jail? There is no jail in the length

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THE FORGE
IN THE FOREST

John Catlin • Keith Evans

HAND WROUGHT IRON
CARVED STONE

Sixth and Junipero • Carmel

and breadth of Soviet Russia to compare with the San Jose jail. The very jailer, Mr. Buffington, begs you to see it that you may "agitate" for a new one, "because," he says, "this jail isn't fit for animals to be kept in." Nevertheless they beat up Bob in the jail, took him to a lone cell and beat him up, because he talked to some ladies who were asking him about the strike while he was being fingerprinted. And Bob came back into his cell with tears in his eyes—but he didn't cry. No. Bob is eighteen.

Every day the deputy sheriff came into the cell and said "I'll get you yet, you son of a —."

So one can go on arguing about the dreadful violence of the communist bums in blissful ignorance of the facts. This is not propaganda. This is not sneering at the American flag. This is not overthrowing American institutions. It

is a recital of facts—facts of California life in 1933. Yet they see red when you recite these facts. I'll bite. Why?



F. L.

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The Six Life of a Village Critic

By Frederic Burt

It's tough going, mates.

"What's tough?" asks your reading brain—if you have one; if not, you won't be bothered and your reading eyes will go right on to—

Why, writing up one—or any—of these here, now amateur shows in this center of civic charadical cerebration.

In the first place, to be a proper Carmelitish Dramatic Critic one must be strong enough to read all the advance notices and know how to interpret them correctly so that they mean nothing . . . that is not much but wasted space in some kind paper. Accomplishing such sapience of course occupies the major life-span of the ordinary sapiencor. So that's tough—being delayed until arthritis kayoes the old pencil grip or the Corona punch. 'S tough!

Then comes the accomplishment of knowing how to keep one's hanch bones in close contact with chair or bench while the locals strut their

stuff at what is called, locally, a performance. Here one meets with that awful thing called Hanch Rebellion—as set forth in Frau Rose Baumgartner's latest treatise, *Under the Skin of Nudism*. And Hanch Rebellion is not to be sneezed at. Time only can conquer it—by always having the same seat and by wearing grooves in it. That's tough, too.

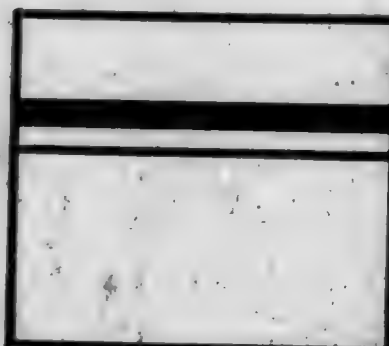


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ROSSLYNN · J · COWEN
PHOTOGRAPHER

Dolores and Ocean · P. O. Box 1343 · Carmel

Thirdly, a whole lifetime of study is needed to learn what to talk about between acts, unless one becomes a chain smoker of chain store cigarettes and can acquire a cough that will synchronize with the changing of the scenery. But that's very tough on the diaphragm—and one's vis-a-vis.


Then the poor critic must know all dramatic literature and stage history in order to know what the play is about and why so and so says such. Long, tough study, baby.

In addition the poor worm, the D. C., must struggle for years developing a style of reporting which will admit of nothing but mother's milk pap in the critique—or encouragement—which must follow up in the public blatters to prove the brilliance of all the participants. And

such a style is hard going for an uncremated conscience of a plain, rough feller who has become used to saying once in awhile, "That's lousy!"

Eke and also sixthly, there's the awful responsibility on the Critic's soul of knowing his local Blue Book so that if any honesty pops out inadvertently he, or she, won't tread on the toes of Someone's niece, or daughter by a Former, or some ex-wife or some present Goona-Goona—boy, it's sure tough when you consider that at any minute a new V-8 may get you and you'll have to face your gawd!

No sir! The Six Life of a Carmel Critic? Humph umph! That's why I'm not one.

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CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

A Lecture on Polo

O

By J. Whistlebottom Whortleberry

Polo is played with horses. Bear that well in mind. It is a fact that is sometimes forgotten even by the best players of this international sport. The minute one forgets his horse—bing—his chances to succeed in the old army game immediately fade and from then on they dwindle into nothingness, and soon the player is merely a shadow of his former self. Too numerous to mention are the disastrous results that occur from playing polo without your horse. In the first place, it is extremely discourteous to your mount, who is only trying to help you anyway, and in the second place it is frightfully bad form, you know.

Supposing everyone was to forget his horse. Where would the game be then? In all probability it would degenerate into squat tag. So remember, when beginning this sport of kings, to retain your horse somewhere underneath your person. He need not be absolutely and geometrically below you, but you will soon find out that a symmetrical position is greatly to be desired.

Of course, no one should attempt match play unless he feels quite confident as to his ability to ride the aforementioned animal in some-





thing rather more than a decisive manner. A firm disposition is a necessary adjunct to the art of equestrianism and a well developed sense of humor on the part of the rider is also to be desired. If the horse's sense of humor is sufficiently developed to permit him to continue aiding you in your efforts to play polo, you are to be congratulated.

Polo, as previously stated, is played with horses. Remember that. Mallets are the next consideration; they are deemed by the best authorities to be almost as necessary as your mount. Not always for playing, but you will find them very convenient to whang upon your opponent's head or rap around his neck.

Discretion should be used in proportion to the strength of both your mallet and your opponent. Special consideration, for the grandstand's sake should be given to the strength of your opponent's vocabulary. Another delightful play in the game of polo is the joining of your own mallet with that of your adversary, at the exact moment when he is leaning far out over the bulwarks of his horse in attempt to swing on the ball. Just as his mallet is at the top of the arc it is describing, insert the head of your own weapon in his and retain it there. Providing you have chosen the psychological moment for this little coup, your opponent will immediately find him-

self in a highly unbecoming position on the turf, somewhat without his horse.

The correct procedure, after grinning insidiously, is to lift your helmet and ride quickly away before your erstwhile opponent locates any loose bricks that may be lying around his immediate neighborhood.

Polo is generally played with eight men and eight horses on the field. Forty-five others, both horses and men, are kept in reserve. Should you, by some stroke of luck, find yourself among the reserves, seize the earliest opportunity to go to the clubhouse and forget to come back.

In case your enthusiasm gets the better of your discretion and you do return, and are sent to do or die, preferably the latter, on the aforementioned field of action, select a spot in front of the grandstand, bow to the prettiest feminine spectator, and stay away from that particular sector while performing the sudden dismounts you will, in all probability, be called upon to perform.

Always listen to the referee. He is the only man, other than the doctor himself, who can relegate you to the ranks of be-spurred spectators. Therefore treat him with the greatest respect, cultivate him whether you have been introduced or not, and if you feel the need of describing your feelings in

the old army language, address your remarks to the ground, the sky, or your opponent, but not the referee. He, and he alone, is to be respected in this great international game called polo. —P. O'C.

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SIXTH AND SAN CARLOS
TELEPHONE CARMEL 328

Villagers and Contributors

By David Alberto

Approached by Mr. O'Crotty, who requested an article for the Villager, I inquired concerning the nature of its content.

"Write about anything," said Mr. O'Crotty.

"To what extent?" I asked.

"Three hundred words," said he.

Therefore, since I am to write about anything, it appears appropriate that the first fifty or one hundred words might be devoted to writing about nothing at all—might be devoted to repeating what Mr. O'Crotty says. Still this ruse does not prove of much assistance, for the hundredth word will appear almost immediately.

But an idea occurs—I shall write about those others contributing to



Next issue . . . "Is Nudism Necessary?" . . . with illustrations!

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this and the next issue.

First, James Hopper. He, Mr. Hopper, is a celebrated short story writer who plays tennis on Mondays and Thursdays, swims on Tuesdays and Fridays, often on Saturdays, and devotes Wednesdays to athletic pursuits. Sundays, Mr. Hopper spends in fervent prayer. Although unaware of the exact nature, the conclusion is inevitable—"Lord God, were it but Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday."

Lincoln Steffens is also a serious writer who recently published an autobiography. About the time when this massive work was completed, Mr. Steffens was visited by the celebrated sculptor, Jo Davidson. The two were engaged one evening in considering an appropriate title and "How to Die" was regarded with favor by both. The published book eventually appeared bearing the customary title,

The Autobiography of — and proved highly remunerative. At present Mr. Steffens is engaged in writing a second Autobiography and doubtless will again seek a title. Considering the remunerative success accorded Biography No. 1, the title *How to Live* is suggested as a seemingly significant name for Biography No. 2.

Stanley Wood is a water-color artist who also perspires freely on the Del Monte Courts. Mr. Wood usually engages in a game of Doubles, the game in which two players act on either side of the net. It is usually so, but on the side where Stanley appears there is seldom very little action remaining for —.

Unfortunately at this moment the three hundredth word appears.

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Vell?

There had been a robbery—so the story goes—in the culinary department of one of Carmel's finest food emporiums. The lady-proprietor appealed to Gus.

"They've taken my choicest things," she wailed.

"Vot did they take?" asked Gus the practical.

"A spiced ham," she sobbed.

"Vot elze?"

"That lovely fruit cake with candied cherries," she sniffled.

"Vot elze?"

"A case of caviar," she gulped.

"Vot elze?"

"Ten cans of imported French mushrooms," she moaned.

"Vot elze?"

"A fresh batch of macaroons, and a pot of spaghetti! That's all I can think of now!"

Mournfully she wiped her tears away . . . sniffled indignantly.

Surely by now she had the sympathy of the minion of the law.

Vell, said Gus, you vas lucky.

M'sieu le Consul

M. Yves Meric de Bellefon, consul general of France at San Francisco, will be the guest of honor and principal speaker at a public dinner in Monterey on the evening of Friday, July 28, it was announced today by Mme. J. M. Pirenne of Carmel, in charge of arrangements for the event.

How about joining our "Nude of the Month Club?"

Etta Stackpole

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The Adolescent Theater

As we go to press we find that a trilogy of amateur and semi-amateur plays call for pungent reviews. Pungent is hardly the word for at least one of them. "The Ivory Door," "The Imaginary Invalid," and "The Heathers at Home" are the aforesaid trilogy.

Let us damn the "Heathers" with faint praise. Perhaps it would be unkind to say, as undoubtedly George Jean Nathan Cerwin will, that the "Heathers" should have stayed at home. It's fun to have a troupe of strolling players hit

town, and the Cornish Players were perhaps a bit fed up with strolling. Enough . . .

"The Imaginary Invalid" showed far better direction, although Moliere is not our idea of box office. The three Thompsons, mere, soeur, and le jeune fille (boy, are we cultured), were very charming. Especially Ruth Thompson, who looks more like a sister of Nancy's than her mother. Kit Cooke deserves credit for her production,

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and Leon Wilson is lucky that he isn't in Hollywood or else he might be perpetually typed as a half-wit.

"The Ivory Door," set in the always beautiful Forest Theater, was a great deal more finished than we expected when catching it at a couple of rehearsals. The costumes were pictorial. Dorothy Foulger's direction positive, and the King, the Princess, the court, and even Milne, combined to put on a good piece. Ross Cowen, extending his chest to its full three inches, magnificently followed it across the stage in his role of the *Mummer*. (That last crack isn't original but we've got to keep him piped down.) The *Chancellor*, well played by Gene Watson, would have gotten three stars even in our contemporary, *Liberty*.

We look forward to "The Merchant of Venice," "Amaco," and "Paris Bound." All in all, it looks like a good season . . . if there are enough passes! —P. O'C.



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"A Whimsical Interlude"

By Dr. Albert Leon Van Houtte,
Psychologist, Educational
Psychiatrist

If the psychoanalytical trinity—
Freud, Jung & Adler—were to
venture thru the Ivory Door of
our village what would they dis-
cover? Listen in on their obser-
vations;—

FREUD: (with an adenoidal voice)
Oh, say, bally unwholesome place,
isn't it? So this is what we find
beyond Carmel's Ivory Door? Oh
—I say, Jung—at last you must be
convinced that my basic principle
about the "libido" is fundamental-
ly sound. Caun't you see how it
runs riot here?

JUNG: (ogling Freud and Adler—
speaking frenzily) Yas sar, yas

sar, it' sure done run round here
in all its nudity. Um, um, um—
dat beach sure am some exponent
of yor doctrine, Massa Freud.

ADLER: (striking a manzanita bush
with his shillalah)—Shure the likes
of ye to be talking like that. Didn't
I tell ye that the place is pe-
diculous with the snakes of com-
plexes, obsessions and the like?

FREUD: (hyper-nervously) Neu-
roses, neuroses, my dear. Bally
well, get the truth. I have long
observed and scrutinized to the
limit of my cerebrum and I con-
clude that the writers, artists and
their ilk are suffering from the
malignant disease of rank "pseu-

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doism" born of delusions of grandeur, frustrations and phobias.

JUNG: Um, um, um — Massa Freud, you done have vocabulistic effusions but you done left out de quintessence of de trouble here. It am de "ego." Dat's it—de "Ego." It done frolick over de beaches and done gambol around dem pines.

FREUD: (hyper-indignant) Tut, tut, tut—you are getting provincial. Remember where you are. On the other side of the Ivory Door. Consequently no matter what our psychoanalytical findings are, the villagers won't believe us. They are steeped in superstitions of their own "Will-to-Believe."

JUNG: Shut yor mouth, Massa

Freud, shut yor mouth. Dat ain't no superstition; dat am sclerosis of de cerebrum.

ADLER: (cudgeling a pine with his brawny stick) Shure, the both of yez are loco. I find that the whole batch of them are hallucinators—just playing that they are writers, artists and purveyors of taurian dust.

FREUD: Might I elucidate your befogged conception, Frater Adler? What's back of that taurian dust, I ask? Ah—that's the quibble. What is the prime motivator? The "libido"—maddeningly making an effort to express itself.

JUNG: Dat sure am elucidation. But I reckon we can done com-



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promise by saying dat all dis psychoanalytical survey am summed up in saying dat dey have two hungers—de hunger for love and de hunger for expression.

FREUD: And by expression you mean?

ADLER: Shure that's easy—it's the craving they all have to express the ego.

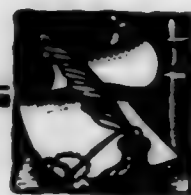
FREUD: Exhibitionism, exhibitionism, that's it. Nothing more or less—the libido's grandstand play for expression in life. That's the very thing we find behind this Carmel's Ivory Door. That's what makes them go arty; that's what the trouble is.

ADLER: (raising his shillalah hilariously) Shure you're right; that love of display—to be seen, to be heard and—

JUNG: Um, um, um—you psychoanalytical men sure said something. But you sure am wasting yor time for dey won't believe what

you done found on the other side of dat Ivory Door.

CARMELO: (spokesman of the villagers—standing at the Ivory Door, walks up and down with a mincing step, hands on hips and speaks a la falsetto to the psychoanalytical trinity coming out of the Ivory Door) Oh, hello—come up and see me sometime.



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"The subconscious mind plays a greater part in an actor's delineation of character, than many actors imagine. Sincerity during rehearsals, sublimation of the natural embarrassment which sometimes causes an actor deliberately to appear foolish, is another factor. During the rehearsals in the Forest Theater of the "Merchant of Venice," I have been pleased to find that the entire cast feels that here is a chance for a real production. The natural setting, the

costumes, the parts themselves, seem to have imbued within us all the feeling that this is really worthwhile." So said George Marion in a short interview backstage. "And as for the "Villager" you fellows are getting out, just let me get the role of Shylock finished, and I will do a series for you . . . all about Californians in the theatre . . . and give you as much copy as you want . . . but now, 'I have possessed your Grace of what I purpose and by our holy Sabbath I have sworn, yea! even unto Bert Heron, to have these lines . . . get thee gone!'"

We're having fun—are you?

"Merchant of Venice" Outstanding Hit!

With Carmel's leading actors and actresses pronouncing "The Merchant of Venice" one of the Forest Theater's best shows of many years, the especially re-printed VILLAGER takes pride in quoting the following:

FRANK SHERIDAN . . . "In many years of acting, and in seeing shows, both professional and amateur, it is a privilege to say that, in my opinion, 'The Merchant of Venice' is one of the finest I have ever seen. George Marion is undoubtedly a grand Shylock, and the whole cast is offering him splendid support."

HELEN WARE . . . "George is delightful, Gene Watson has one of the best roles of his career, Bert Heron hits his usual high mark, and Ross Cowen comes through again."

PETER O'CROTTY . . . Mr. Marion is, in my mind, as great a Shylock as I have ever seen."

The play will be repeated Friday and Saturday, August 4 and 5

Dedicatory Ode to the C. M. T. C.

Now in matters patriotic
There is something quite erotic
In the throbbing of my non-com-
bative brain,
For it consistently refuses
And makes consummate excuses
To avoid your Boy Scout tactics
in the rain.

And no uniform exotic
In a climate most sub-tropic
Or maidens young with morals on
the wane,

Can induce a small proportion
Of that physical abortion,
For marching gives me nothing but
a pain.

L'ENVOI

Oh you may plead and you may
pander
With pictured propaganda,
But this lad has other notions in
his head;
So when betwixt the shot and
shell,
Bogged in mud, you will do well,
To think of me with blondes and
breakfast in my bed!

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Gimmie a sentence with the word
"Urinalysis." Hey! You're in Alice's
bedroom!

Carmel Carries On

W. L. Overstreet

"Why should the spirit of mortal
be morbid," asks the poet. I do
not recall that the poet has ever
been adequately answered.

Speaking of the mortal in Car-
mel, I would say that he has much
to be morbid of, to be happy for,
and to anticipate.

Being an old-timer, I feel that I
have a somewhat different and
more mature slant on things than
the comparative newcomer. A per-
son who has lived in Carmel
twenty-three years has seen many
things having to do with the ar-
tists, social, civic and commercial
development of the community.

In this brief article I prefer to
specialize in matters concerning the
arts.

The establishment of a community
of artists in Carmel was an obses-

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sion of the late Frank Powers. And were he alive today he would be gratified to observe that his ideals are being realized and carried on.

All the arts, creative and interpretive, flourish here to a greater degree than ever before.

We have our talented painters, and sculptors, interesting writers, dramatists, outstanding musicians, actors and dancers. And while there are many who have an especial talent in any of these things, each of the arts has a strong, loyal following. Of course, we are proud. We love our little village of the arts. We see the rising generations taking hold and carrying on. The homes and the schools are doing their great part in the work of maintaining Carmel as a community that is "different." "Just another country town" will never be applied to Carmel.

Martin Flavins New Play Amaco

With many of Carmel's most famous literary lions appearing as extras in the cast of "Amaco," Martin Flavin's new play will be given its first public performance on August 4, 5, 10, 11, 12. Lincoln Steffens, James Hopper, Robert Welles Ritchie, Edward Weston, and others will be seen as part of the workingmen's committee appearing on the stage of the Com-

munity Playhouse. It is expected that Flavin himself will fly here from New York to attend the premiere which will be given with the gusto usually attending a Hollywood epic. Klieg lights, camera-men, and microphones will be installed in front of the theatre, according to Mr. Kuster's demon press agent, Herbert Cerwin. Telegrams are being sent to Joan Blondell, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., etc. inviting them to the Hotel Del Monte party which is to be given on Saturday night in the Bali room for the cast of "Amaco."

The cast includes such stellar luminaries as Nestor Paiva playing the leading role of Burke. Mr. Paiva is regarded as a second Irving Pichel and is undoubtedly Hollywood bound. David Matzke will be seen as Skouras, a part offering unlimited possibilities with which a great deal is expected of this fine actor.



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Players Part in Life of Village

By Paula Dougherty

For the past month hundreds of Broadway's best known actors and directors have been scattering to the villages and countrysides of the East for summer theatre work, where pleasant companionship, experimentation and freedom from the consideration of business and profit allow the art of the theatre and its expression to become a delightful adventure.

Here on the Monterey Peninsula the Carmel Community Players offer all through the year just such an opportunity, for those who love or need such an experience. Self-expression for some, and, for others the delight of seeing friends and acquaintances suddenly discovered

as surprisingly gifted and capable performers.

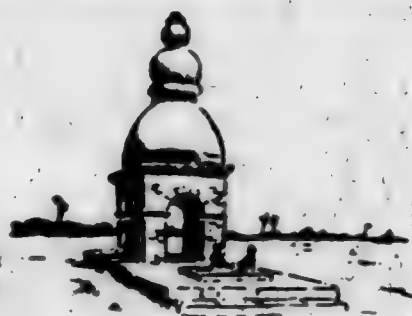
Carmel has a reputation for artistic achievement. Known as a dwelling place of lovers and doers of the unusual, the interesting, the beautiful, and the gay, the Peninsula attracts travellers of the most sophisticated type from far and wide who come to contact and to participate in these activities, one of the most important of which is theatre.

Non-commercial in spirit though it may be, no community is immune to the benefit, and incidentally, the gratification to be derived from such advantages. The Carmel Community Players, organized a

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year ago, have presented an outstanding programme of plays during the past season, and have definitely revived interest in the theatre here.

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Walter F. Higbee

Editorial

We can probably do without editorials after this issue (and the editor too, for that matter).

In fact, the only excuse for this is to sincerely thank the villagers, whose delightful support has made this period of re-birth so pleasant. To all the VILLAGER advertisers herein, we gratefully offer an orchid . . . to be delivered by Fred Buck, of the Pine Cohe (adv.) If a storm of protest regarding the contents will now arise, our gratitude will know no bounds, for controversy is the life blood of any publication. Patronize the advertisers, tell 'em where you saw their ad, and then the next time we solicit them, we'll have to increase this folio to sixty-four pages and possibly, if not probably, even pay our gallant contributors. (adv.) The VILLAGER welcomes contributions (not necessarily financial), but essays, stories, poems, wood cuts, and letters to the editor. The old grey-haired editor, perennially standing in the wings, waiting for a curtain call that never comes! Ah, Pagliacci! . . . thank you . . .

—P. O'C.

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